

The Doctor's Peril.

The noble beast that forms the subject of my story had been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair in his forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurtailed by the mutilating knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustangs of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankles, and proud neck, and the wide apart, prominent eyes, and open nostrils, denoted gentle blood; but at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long tufts of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose.

I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him by every inmate of the family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands; and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I, when Mrs. Morrison, who, like myself, was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw her arms around his neck, and while his soft nose poked against her shoulder, would call him pet names, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John" received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one and another of the inmates like a huge dog. My curiosity at length became so great I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became acquainted with the reason, and I assure you, gentle reader, I considered them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior breed to bestow upon his fellow the dumb one.

He had belonged to Dr. Moseley, of Whitesboro, for many years a practicing physician of that place, and "Don John" had carried his master to and from many a bed of death, and God help him, fire had flown from his hoofs as many times as his short, fleet steps had dashed across the Mohawk on the old bridge, not heeding the new-born infant's wail that greeted his ear in his quiet corner, awaiting his master's pleasure—not that it was the wail for the advent of a human soul, doomed to suffer its number of years, then die! If his master had acquired fame—as all knew he had—"Don John" has also his laurels to be proud of.

The Doctor had been called to Utica, on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During his absence one of those drenching, warm, breaking-up rains had set in. Mountains of ice were rushing down the Mohawk, sweeping everything before them, overflowing banks, carrying away bridges and dwellings, and alarming many inhabitants, as well it might, for one must see a fresher to understand its terrible importance. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, eager for destruction, behold the floating wrecks of many a dwelling often bearing a "thing as of life," and sometimes a human life, as was witnessed a few years since on the Schuylkill.

The night was inky black, and "Don John" picked out the way faithfully and steadily, never stumbling, but with the bridle hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear of the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and "Don John" whinnied pitifully once or twice, till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish through the dense darkness moving and glimmering lights, and once he fancied he heard a shout; but he little heeded ought save getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues consequent to his profession. "Now, Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge to try, and your knowledge, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing his wet, tangled front locks from his eyes.

They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on, sir," said the Doctor, "you are nearly home now!" Still no attempt at going on, and beneath the angry waters roared and bellowed, like maddened devils bawled of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" with a smart buffet on the neck, and gathering up of a loosened bridle into a firm and determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely, firmly—though the broad back slightly shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that any other time he would have observed it. As it was, he only let him have his own way, though he may have smoothed his neck, for he had a kindly heart, and his poor beast had labored hard through dreadful weather, and was sadly in want of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once he stumbled in his hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cheery "Easy, John—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hoofs resounded on the hard wood. They were across, and the animal neighed, and tossed his head till the Doctor shook in the saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow, but first I and you want some refreshment." Bounding up to the small tavern door, where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen or more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns, which they held aloft, and a "Good Lord, Doctor, where did you come from?" broke forth from their lips simultaneously.

"Come from? Why, from over the Mohawk! What is the matter? Has the freshest carried away any of your senses?" Here boy, as dismounting he threw the reins to a gaping fellow. "Give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats, and landlord; I want a tumbler of red-hot Jamaica, quick."

"Doctor," said the group, "have you crossed the Mohawk to-night, and if so, how?"

"Why, on the bridge; are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician.

"Doctor," said the old grey-headed landlord, "that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon. Come with me and I will show you. If you crossed, God only knows how you did it!"

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart, and, lantern in hand, he followed the footsteps of the crowd to the bank of the swollen and turbid river. Where was the bridge?

"Almighty God!" said the horror-struck Doctor, "where is my gratitude? My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me on the solitary string-piece; and I, with this right hand, gave him a blow as he faltered!" and the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft, wet snow, and wept like a child; the men moved from his presence respectfully, and left him to himself.

When, after some little time, he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of his horse, surrounded by the entire household—each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given him by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits—a third dried his glossy hide with a warm flannel, and others patted his neck, or caressed his nose and face. "Oh, John, my boy, and I gave you a blow," and the words ended in a low wailing groan. Men uncovered their heads, and turned their faces from him, and at length led him aside where he spent the night. The morning revealed to him the dreadful danger he had escaped, from the sagacity of the beast, and again did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him, when so nobly putting forth more than human power. "Don John" never did a day's work from that day. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him before a light vehicle a few miles with some members of the family; but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were given him ever afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogany; his room was more a parlor than a stable; and company to the Doctor's always paid "Don John" a visit before they left.

Thus lived they many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. "Don John" survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended which related to "Don John," to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter (Mrs. Morrison) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should at his death be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and enclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned this history. "Don John's" bones were buried in the corner of the old Moseley burying-ground in Whitesboro.

A Remarkable Character.

The noted R. J. McHenry at present occupies the position of cook on board the schooner Gray Eagle, in the Buffalo and Cleveland trade. The pay is \$15 per month. He is gathering a pile of documents, with which he purposes blowing the Canadian government sky-high on the first favorable opportunity. He is not in a very happy frame of mind. Many people in Canada still believe he is the notorious Townsend, whose black and cold-blooded crimes made him a terror throughout Canada West and all along the lake shore. He tried to lecture in Vienna, near Port Burwell, a few days ago, and barely escaped being mobbed by the excited citizens. Her Majesty's subjects across the line regard him with a suspicious eye.

The man's case is a remarkable one. Perhaps it has no parallel in criminal jurisprudence. He was tried twice for crimes committed as Townsend—the murders of Nellis and Ritchie. In the first trial the jury disagreed; on the second he was declared to be McHenry, and not guilty. One hundred and sixty-five witnesses, in both trials, swore positively that he was Townsend. About half that number swore that he was not. A few witnesses from California, who came all the way from there to Canada expressly to testify, saved him from the gallows. Immediately after the conclusion of his second trial he was arrested for highway robbery—for robberies committed by Townsend, the man he had just been declared not to be! He was released on \$700 bail. This case never came to trial, and probably never will. He was confined eighteen months in the Canada jail. His trial cost the Province over \$40,000. He asked redress of the Province, in the shape of compensation for his sufferings and hardships, and had a personal interview with the Governor General, who told him that "notwithstanding the verdict of the jury, the eye of the law looked upon him as Townsend," and no compensation could be allowed him.

He says the prejudice this side of the line is against him. He cannot get anything to do that suits him. He writes a rapid, elegant hand, and is a good accountant, yet he says tradesmen, etc., give him the frigid shoulder when he asks them for employment.

Influence of Mothers.

John Randolph never ceased, till his dying day, to remember with unutterable affection the pious care of his mother, in teaching him to kneel at her side, and with his little hands pressed together and head raised upwards, to repeat, in slow and measured accents, the pattern prayer.

"My mother," said Mr. Benton, "not long before she died, asked me not to drink liquor, and I never did. She desired me at another time to stop gaming, and I never knew a card. She hoped I would not use tobacco, and it never passed my lips."

Not long ago the Rev. Dr. Mills, in one of his powerful appeals to mothers to consecrate their children to the ministry of the Gospel, said:

"A youth, after great deliberation, and with the knowledge that his mother desired him to be a clergyman, decided at last to become a lawyer; and soon after, his mother inquired of him, in a tone of deep and tender interest—

"My son, what have you decided to do?"

"To study law, mother."

She only replied, "I had hoped otherwise," and her convulsive sobbing told the depth of her disappointment.

"Do you think," said he, "I could go into the law over my mother's tears?"

He reconsidered the case, and has long been an able and efficient clergyman.

Labor.
Till swings the axe, the forests bow;
The seeds break out in radiant bloom;
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom.
Where towering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vales and crown the hill,
Stern labor lights its beacon fire,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.
The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is scarred with lightning scars,
Tells of the axe that felled him here,
And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lungs of flame
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From labor's plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.
Till labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil;
And beckons angels down to bless
Industry's hands on sea and soil.
Here unbrowed toil, with shining spade,
Links lake to lake with silvery ties,
Strung thick with balustrades of trade,
And temples towering to the skies.

A Romantic Story of Lieut. Maury.

The following bit of romance in the life of Lieut. Maury is related by Mr. Willis in the Home Journal:

"In the earlier days of his professional career, the present 'Commander' was a midshipman on board one of the sloops of war sent to cruise in the Pacific. The duty being mainly to give authoritative countenance to the merchant vessels in those seas, much of their time, of course, was passed in the anchorage off the different islands; and Maury having always a taste for languages, had employed his many-an-hour, as coxswain of the go-ashore boat, in mastering the dialects of the natives. So successful had he been in this volunteer study that he became, at last, the regular interpreter, and was the main channel of communication between the Commodore and the petty sovereigns of the Islands.

"The thing he most struggled with, in those days, was a constitutional bashfulness; and he was not a little flabbergasted, therefore, when he was summoned to the quarter deck one bright morning, to interpret between the Commander and a young Ohwyhee princess, the favorite daughter of the Chief of the island where they were anchored. She had swam off to the ship and climbed up the side, and now stood in all her tropical floescence, an exquisitely developed young woman of sixteen, draped mainly in her flowing tresses and her unconscious modesty, and gesticulating in the most lively manner, to the very great admiration of the officers and crew. She had evidently a message of importance to communicate.

"Obedient to the summons, of course, the gold-laced cap of the young interpreter-midday made its appearance; and he proceeded to open communication with the fair Undine—getting side information from the officers assembled about on the gun-carriages and port-holes, that the dialogue of inquiry should be prolonged as far as possible.

"He was not long in learning her errand—but how, with his bashfulness, to translate it to the Commodore and those groups of listening Lieutenants? It was no less than an authoritative expression of the Island's admiration of his superior knowledge as shown in the mastery of their language, and a proposal for the honor of his hand. The girl had swam off, as her father's ambassador, to make the offer of herself answer being awaited on shore in full council of warrior chiefs.

"The difficulty of maintaining the proper quarter-deck gravity, or of so representing the mirth of the surrounding *epaulettes* as not to give offense to the native pride of the autoquestioning Princess, was considerable. Maury has no recollection at present whether he himself stood on his head or his heels during the interview.—The Commodore was discreet, however, and was soon understood that the legate of a foreign power was to be treated with respect, whether the diplomatic drapery were more or less entire, and the proposal was to be respectfully received. The ward-room boat was meantime ordered to be manned, and the ship's newest flag spread in the seats to envelop the royal unclad on her water-draped return. Maury was to go as coxswain, and rescue the lady to her parents; but his orders were discretionary.—He was to make every assurance of amity between the United States and the Pacific, and get clear, if he peacefully could—but, on no account to make any such reaction of the proposed honor as would lead to misunderstanding.

"It was a pull of a mile or two, the sea smooth and the tars willing for once to sit with their backs to the bow. The officer and his flag-enveloped passenger had the conversation all to themselves; and he was busily cogitating, in the bashful back-parlor of his mind, how he should behave under the probable circumstances—phase 1st, 2d, or 3d—when the young lady unexpectedly jumped overboard and swam the rest of the way to the beach; taking to her heels, on arriving at the sand, with a celerity which he could not account. Was she angry? Was there a probability of his being discomfited and burnt, if he should try to overtake and explain? He concluded that it was best, on the whole, to carry out the Commodore's policy; and, by following up the fugitive, to get a chance, perhaps to pacify the papa. So, leaving the boat drawn up the beach, he took his way alone to the chief's bungalow.

"It was some little distance inland, and on arriving, he found he was considerably expected. There was every appearance of preparation for a festivity, the tables spread for a royal banquet, and the fruits and drinks in abundant prodigality. The chiefs were already in a state of excitement which precluded all explanation or modification of plans. There was nothing to do but to yield to circumstances. He must marry (a la Ohwyhee and she), to keep the peace and protect the commerce of the nation.

"The delays were apparently inconceivable. In a very short time, the runaway bride appeared, dressed in all manner of Pacific ornaments, and attended by her mother and a bevy of sister islandresses. The Commodore was either not expected, or not missed; the ceremony was performed (what there was of it), with only native witnesses, and 'things proceeded as usual.' For the remaining winter months, the sloop was anchored at the same island, and Prince Maury, of course, had a nice opportunity to become acquainted with the manners and customs. His copper-colored papa proved very gentlemanly, and as long as he stayed, he was most affectionately treated. His subsequent half century, as the world of science so well knows, has been devoted to the study of nature's more universal unexpectednesses—the charm of

this first lesson, acting, perhaps, as an initiative relish—but, whether so or not, the Ohwyhee romance, as a prelude to a very distinguished man's life-long pursuits, is well worth preserving for his biographer."

Texas as Viewed by a Northerner.

The Boston Advertiser prints a letter from San Antonio, Texas, that does not give a very flattering picture of that country, which is no doubt over-praised. The writer says:

"With many others, we came here under the most charming impressions of the country, and with the determination to make it our home; but, with those others, we have been disappointed. Letter writers and book-makers, whose false or superficial accounts have induced many to spend their little all to get here, should hear the curses heaped upon them by these unfortunate, who find too late that this is the most undesirable place for the emigrant which our country affords. Even a competence can scarcely be hoped for one who comes poor, be his labor ever so constant and well-directed.

Consider a few facts, and the truth of this will be evident. Wages and salaries are very low, while provisions are enormously high. There is a large Mexican population here, and the men are ready and good laborers, in almost any department, asking only fifteen dollars per month without board.—Every branch of business is crowded to excess. For agricultural purposes, the country for many miles around this city is absolutely good for nothing, owing to the lack of rain. The few vegetables which are raised are forced by irrigation, and are of a very inferior quality. There is neither wild game nor wild fruits—even the cosmopolitan strawberry fails to appear here. The parasitical growth of the city must be attributed to the presence of the army, it being its headquarters, and to its being the avenue to some trade with Mexico. When these causes fail to operate, it must be reduced to former insignificance.

The exaggerated accounts of its healthfulness bring many invalids here, who come only to add to the suffering of a last illness. The miserable accommodations at the boarding houses, the scarcity and inability of nurses, and the clouds of dust which fill every part of the town, are poorly calculated to aid the sick. The diseases incident to the climate are pneumonia, fevers, and an irritating eruption, from which strangers almost invariably suffer while acclimating. The old inhabitants, however, seem intimated while discussing the health of the place. If one falls ill, he comforts himself with the thought that he should be going to die, he reasons that he should have died years before, elsewhere.

Strangers are supposed to bring latent sickness with them, which sometimes develops after the patient has been here weeks or months! Severe colds, from which we suffered two months after our arrival, were attributed to the effects of our previous residence in Boston.

A Noble Mother—Narrow Escape.

As the morning train from this place to Chicago came near Rock River bridge, on Monday last, the engineer, Robert Waugh, discovered a little girl at play on the track. He sounded the whistle at its highest, sharpest note, and used every possible effort to stop the train. The little child kept moving along on the track, apparently frightened by the whistle, but did not leave the track. The mother of the child, who lived in a house near the bridge, seeing her child in danger, made a spring to save her, and rushing in front of the engine, caught her child and fell over the opposite side. The engine brushed her clothes as she fell, and passed on a short distance before it could be stopped. The Conductor, Capt. Phillips, ran to the place, and found the mother had fainted, but both mother and child were saved. He took the child in his arms, and restoratives being used, the mother soon revived. Who can tell the joy of that mother to know her child was saved? Had she hesitated a moment, or have been only a second later, both mother and child must have been crushed beneath the wheels of the engine. We did not learn her name, but whoever she is, she is a brave and heroic woman.—Rock Island (Ill.) Argus.

The Origin of the Name of Iowa.

The St. Louis Democrat finds in an old newspaper the following explanation of the origin of the name of that State:

"Tooleborough is situated just above the mouth of the Iowa river. By the way, do you know the significance of the word Iowa? Presuming that at least some of your readers do not, I tell you. Many years ago, perhaps before you or I were born, and before the 'pale faces' had taken possession of the fertile lands west of the Mississippi, and converted them to his comfort and profit, a tribe of Indians encamped on the bluffs overlooking the Iowa river, where now stands the town of Tooleborough. The chief of the tribe, coming in view of the river unexpectedly, was struck with rapture at the surrounding grand and picturesque beauty, and in his native dialect, exclaimed—'Iowa—Iowa'—(beautiful, beautiful.) Hence the name to the river, and afterwards to all that portion of the Louisiana purchase now forming the State of Iowa."

WESTERN COURTSHIP.—Scene: A log cabin boasting a single room, one-half of which is occupied by two beds, one containing the "old folks" and baby, the other whose duty by day is to stand beneath the shadows of its loftier mate, laden with five young members.

Ezekiel (in a whisper)—I swear to go, Sal, I love ye!

Sary (in a high key)—Good, Zeke! I'm glad 'n't.

Zeke—Will you hev me? that's what I want to know!

Sary (looking astonished)—Hev ye? to be sure, I calculate to!

Zeke—When will we get spliced?

Sary—Well, boss, that's what I've been thinkin' on; I telled dad that ef so he'd go to mill to-morrow, we'd get fined next day.

Zeke—Yer did! wall then, swap a buss with me!

Father (from the bed)—Thar, now, varmint, ef yuv got the business settled, dew quit for to-night; you make such a racket, a feller might as well try to sleep in bedlam.

A GOOD IDEA FOR A LITTLE SNAVER.—A mother said, "Sonny, you have left me a good deal from your prayer." "I know it," said the little four-year old, "but what's the use of loading up my prayer as I would an old cannon?"

"Free Figures and Slave."

Under this title, Mr. Halper, in his recent work, "The Impending Crisis," gives a series of tables, whose figures are at once unanswerable arguments, and deeply suggestive of reflection.

They show that the commerce of the Free States is four times as great as that of the slave states; that the manufactures of free states produce five times the value in fabrics, employ five times the capital, and five times the number of hands, that are employed in the slave states; that there are twice as many miles of Canals, and railroads in free states as in slave states; that the banking capital of the free states is double that of the slave; that the Military Force is likewise double; that the postage collected is three times as much in the free states as in the slave, while the cost of transporting the mails is hardly at all greater; that there are three times as many schools, three times as many teachers, and four times as many pupils in the free as in the slave states; that there are in free states 20 times as many Libraries, with 60 times as many volumes in them, as there are in the slave; that there are twice as many Newspapers, issuing for times as many copies in the slave; that although the population of the slave states is less, the number of white men unable to read is a hundred thousand greater than in the Free; that forty million dollars more have been spent in erection of Churches in the Free states than in slave; that nine inventions are patented by citizens of Free states to every one patented by the citizens of slave states; that the Free states contribute four times as much as the slave states for the printing of Bibles, five times as much for the printing of tracts, and even double as much for Colonization.

Two questions inevitably suggest themselves on glancing over these tables. 1st, how can an Institution which thus shows of weakness and decay, expect to always maintain its clutch upon the power of the Federal Government? 2d, what reason or excuse can be found for consenting to subject new Territories to its sway?—Albany Journal.

THE KITTEN.—A lady tells this story: "I have been out in Indiana on a visit, and while there I found a kitten, which I bought, and brought home as a plaything for my children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of the puss, I proposed, and it was agreed, that the head of the kitten should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddie, the eldest—but only three years—should be the sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddie rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal; but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day, soon after, I heard poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and I called out to Eddie, 'There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten; I hear her cry.' "No, I didn't mother; I trod on my part, and your part hollered!"

SHOVELING UP TRACKS.—Dick Nash demanded a cross grained old Alabama planter's daughter:

"Squire, my business to-day is to ask you for your daughter's hand."

"It is, is it? What you marry my gal? Look here, young man, leave my premises instantly; and if ever you set foot here again, I'll make my niggers skin you.—Marry my daughter! You—"

Nash had left—he saw that the old gentleman was angry. After getting off to a safe place, he thought he would turn and take a last friendly look at the home of his lost idol, when he espied the old man busy shoveling up his tracks from the yard, and throwing them over the fence.

THE AUTOCRAT.—How prettily philosopher Holmes brings Chess in as an illustration where "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" says:

"The whole force of conversation depends on how much you can take for granted. Vulgar Chess players have to play their games out; nothing short of the brutality of an actual checkmate satisfies them. But look at the masters of that noble game! White stands well enough so far as you can see; but the red says 'mate in six moves.' White looks, nods—the game is over.—Just so in talking with first rate men, especially when they are good natured and expansive, as they are apt to be at table."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.—Hon. Wm. Dennison, Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, was addressing a meeting at Portsmouth, Ohio, where many ladies were present. After speaking for some time he apologized for his prolixity, and turning to a clock in the farther end of the hall, remarked that the time had passed so fleetly that he was afraid he was taxing the patience of his audience. "Go on, go on," was heard from every part of the house, until the speaker proceeded. At this moment, when everything was still, a pretty lady arose in the audience, took off a thick veil, and quietly walked to the clock and covered up the dial plate.

The following advertisement of a constable's sale, was taken from the wall of a public room in a tavern, in the State of Indiana:

"NOTES.—For sale a cow with a calf by the subscriber. JOHN BROOKS."

GALLANT CAPTAIN.—Now then, my hearties, you've a tough battle before you.—Fight like heroes till your powder is gone. Then—run! I'm a little lame and I'LL START NOW!

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of any vessel don't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of "weighing anchor" every time he leaves a port.

The most satisfactory way of expressing a young lady's age is according to the present style of skirts, by saying that "eighteen springs have passed over her head."

The prevailing style of skirts allows ladies in hot weather to "lay off everything else and sit in there bones"—as Rev. Sidney Smith once wished to do.—N. Y. Post.

"Do you drink hain in New York?" asked a Cockney of a compositor, who had just arrived. "Hail! No; we drink ruin, smash and Jersey lightning."

The fellow who tried to get up a concert with the band of a hat, is the gentleman who, a few weeks since, played upon the affections of an up-town lady.

Farmers' Home.

Nothing shows the refinement of the farmer more than the adorning of his home; it shows his good taste, and that he is desirous of making all around him pleasant and comfortable. Beautiful and attractive homes tend to increase all the good qualities of the occupants, and remove the bad. Beauty and loveliness in nature to tend all that is noble in thought and deed, and make mankind better, both as concerns their own happiness and that of others.

Having shown why farmers should adorn their homes, I will tell you how to do it the easiest.

If your house is poor and plain, it makes no difference; if you cannot afford to build a new one, adorn the surroundings of the old one. In odd spots build a new yard—it will cost almost nothing; set out some pretty trees in front and surround the house with them if possible. Fill the yard with flowers; they will cost nothing, but the trouble of getting, unless rare varieties are procured, and your wife and children will attend to the cultivation, never fear that. Build a wood-house if you have not got one already.

Don't deface your door-yard with wood-piles, old rails, sleds, cart-wheels and other rubbish; remove the hog-pen from its conspicuous position near the roadside, to the rear of the house, and build a neat frame structure instead of sticks and slabs—twill pay for itself in a few years. Have good, neat fences, they look and are much better. Remove all the sticks, stones and stumps from the fields. Build good barns and sheds, if not already built; they will pay for themselves. Have good yards around your farm buildings. And above all, have the best books of the day, where yourself and family can gain instruction in their leisure hours, and take your county paper.

Sheep vs. Other Stock.

The Kentucky Farmer thus briefly enumerates some of the advantages of keeping sheep.

"They can make the quickest returns for the investment in them, being ready to eat at three or four months old, and yielding a valuable fleece at one year old, and perhaps a lamb also.

Their substance is cheaper than that of any other domestic animals—grass and stock fodder being all they will require at any season.

They supply the family at all seasons with the most wholesome, and the most delicious meat, of the most convenient size for family use.

They present valuable products in two forms, their wool and their flesh, both of which are adapted to home consumption, and to sale, and both of which are adapted to either domestic or distant markets.

The transportation of them to market alive is cheaper than any other live stock (not blooded) of the same value, and the same is true also of their wool, compared with other and similar agricultural products.

Wool may be more easily and safely kept in expectation of a better market, than any other and similar products, as it is less liable to fire, insects, rats, or rotting.

An investment in them is self-enlarging, and rapidly so, by their annual increase, while their wool pays much in the way of interest at the same time, which is not true, if of any similar investments.

Sheep, here, have but one enemy, the dog and his brother, *ignoramus legislator*; who, not having the capacity to compare the whole subject, and to explain it to his constituents, allows the dog to run at large unrestrained by law, and thereby this inestimable value is almost lost to the State."

SLAVES.—The movement of the Nigger in Southward, and has been so since the very sound National made Kansas hopelessly Democratic instead of Slavery. Every day this fact is the better proven. There is scarcely a county in this part of the State that has not its slave buyers; and what is more, they are purchasing quite largely for the Southern market. Just the other day, Mr. White, a trader, shipped no less than forty slaves on the Asa Wilgus, and he did not, we understand, take with him all he had purchased in this market during the last few weeks. This it is that is yearly decreasing our adult slave population. On Tuesday last, Gen. Dorris, of Platte county, passed through this city, bound Southward, with near one hundred slaves. We did not understand whether they were for sale below, or whether the General designed working them himself at the South. It is immaterial so long as the fact is that we loose the negroes.—Lex. Express.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—The following will be found the best recipe extant for making good tomato ketchup.

Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft. Squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, three ounces of cayenne pepper, three table-spoonful of black pepper, five heads of garlic, skinned and separated. Mix together, and boil about three hours, or until reduced about one-half. Then bottle, without straining.

TO KEEP PRESERVES.—Apply the white of an egg, with a suitable brush, to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover the jars, overlapping the edges an inch or two. When dry, the whole will become tight as a drum.

To prevent jams, preserves, &c., from graining, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be added to every gallon of the jam or preserves.

TO REMOVE FILMS FROM THE EYES OF CASTLE.—I have not found a surer remedy than finely pulverized earth, occasionally blown into the eyes through a quill.

Electors.—An article to be bought.

Candidate.—An article to be sold.—Punch.

The violet grows slow and cover itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humanity.

An Emerald, being charged with stealing a wagon, swore he had it ever since it was a wheelbarrow.

The best method of getting teeth inserted is to go "box the fox," where a watch dog is on guard.

The lady who knits her brows, has commenced a pair of socks.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Get a piece of calico that will wash.